A CAST OVER THE VVATER,

BY

John Taylor.

Giuen *Gratis* to VVILLIAM FENNOR, *the Rimer, from* London to the Kings *Bench.*

Or a Replication to *Fennors* answer.

With Admonitions, and friendly Exhortations in Prose and Verse, perswading the said FENNOR to Penitence, that he may hang with the clearer conscience at Saint *Thomas* of Waterings.

Heere may you see a fellow brau'd and baffled,
And (like a Iade) is spurgal'd, swicht, and snaffled.

Printed at London for *William Butler*, dwelling in the Bulwarke neere the Tower, and are to be sold by *Edward Marchant*, in Pauls Churchyard. 1615.

A

CAST OVER THE WATER.

BY

BRITISH MUSEUM

To all that vnderſtand Engliſh.

By your leaue a little in Proſe, *and to the Purpoſe.*

GEntlemen, I pray you take me not for a common Feriman to Conicatchers: I tranſport this fellow this once, not out of confederacie, but out of commiſeration. For I confeſſe Ingenuouſly, at firſt ſight of his pittifull Preface, hee turn'd all my malice into compaſsion. For I had thought, hauing giuen himſelfe the Title of his Maieſties Poet, and by his own confeſsion poore enough to be one, that neceſſitie (at leaſt) would haue begot that which a beggar cals Phraſe in him. Whereas this

Cadworme, hauing onely got Rime, which is but the buttons and loopes to couple Verſe together; or as the wings of a Butterfly now turn'd out of his Sommer weeds, he appeares to bee the ſame which I euer held him to be; A moſt naked and wretched Mungrell not able to pen a letter in true Engliſh, though it were to borrow money. But you wil ſay it was the badnes of the matter, and being the abſolute and onely profeſt lyar of our age, it behou'd him to build vpon his memory, which Artiſts ſay is an enemie to wit: But herein his memory is ſo ſhort, that as wee ſpeake of the Italians, they tell lies ſo long till they beleeue them themſelues for truths; ſo this *Hydra*-tong'd *Protean* prater in his owne and the ſelfe-ſame peiterous Preface auer's, and confutes, and then auer's againe the ſame contradictions which hee denies, that hee was tyed to performe the Challenge at the Hope: Yet after hee confeſſes he ſent his man back with the earneſt, which hee ſayes was fiue ſhillings; I ſay ten; but wee will

not

not contend for the ſumme, had it been ten pound hee'll as ſoone pay it as fiue ſhillings. Did I giue him fiue ſhillings earneſt; then no queſtion but it was to tye him to a bargaine; was the money certaine, and the conditions at his owne choice. Indeede he vſes to haue money for a ſong, but I haue more wit then to bee one of his Patrons. But his man plaid the knaue (as how could hee doe other, hauing ſuch a Maſter) and ran away with the money; was euer poore Rat driuen to more extremitie to free hir ſelfe from the trap by biting of his owne Taile, is *Monſieur le Foggnieurs* ſeruice ſo Cheap that it will be ſold for fiue ſhillings. He will ſay his *Annagram* is, *I will feare no man*, It is a deere *Annagram Monſieur*, it coſt you fiue ſhillings; For had you fear'd your Man, you would neuer haue truſted him: but you may ſee the ſcald Squire will haue his lade though it bee but a ſcabbed one: but his Man hath been found in three or foure tales about the vnfortunate fiue ſhillings. Firſt, he confeſt that hee paid it

to a Broker for the loane of a Cloake for his Maister to goe twice to the Court in: Secondly, that hee paide it for the hyre of two Shirts for his Master, which hee had to ride into the Country withall: Thirdly, that hee gaue it to a Punk for her deuidend, which Punke was to haue a share in their Riming and whistling, and they were to share with her in her commings in; Fourthly, that he paid it to a Broome-man, for foure paire of Bootes for his Maister, at fifteene pence a paire. Was euer Poore crowne, so martyr'd and quarter'd, amongst Brokers, Knaues, and Whoores; but were this all the dust that stuck on his Coate, his man might beate it out of it; you shall finde hee hath a Father to Father his lyes on, which Sire of his (as he saith sent for him into the Country) I say twas the Thiefe whose pardon hee was to get. Now sayes hee whether should I obay my parents, or *Iohn Taylor*: Surely thy Father, *Mounsieur*, for hee hath much need of a son that will Father thee. Nay, such a father

that gaue him a hundred pound at parting, (I hold my life hee meant with a purſe for a parting blow) this lye a man would thinke carries ſome colour with it, did not the witleſſe Aſſe himſelfe diſcouer it to be but a Viſſard. For a little before he writes, might hee haue had fiue pound, he would haue ſtaid his iourney. Doth not *Eſops* pluck'd Crow looke like a Rooke now; Vngracious Child wouldſt thou prefer fiue pound to thy fathers bleſsing? came the hundred pound ſo vnlook't for, that the hope of it was not worth fiue? Surely Gentlemen (I hope) to auoide this tax Hee will in his next edition confeſſe himſelfe the child of the people: and the hundred pound was one of his poeticall fictions, for as yet one penny of it was euer extant. And beleeue it, his faith, his father, and the money are all one *Implicite*, neuer made manifeſt.

Imagine his Father had beene able to giue him an hundred pounds, would hee haue bound him Prentice to a blinde Harper,

whoſe

whose boy hee cannot deny but hee was, whom the sawcy hungry scroyle, almost famisht with beguiling him of his victuals; so that the poore Musitian was faine to shift him off, for his guts were clung in his belly, and *Fennor* meant to make Harpstrings of them. But thinke you if his Father had beene of that worth that he would haue suffered him to runne ouer the earth like one of *Caines* Imps, that had a Plough tayle of his owne to tye him to: But you wil obiect a reconcilement vpon better fortunes, he is now married and hath a stayd head. Hee hath cal'd the King Maister, and the Blacke Guard Fellowes: honors change manners I confesse, and that he is adorn'd, I will not deny; the hundred pounds wel laid out shall speake his Fathers bounty. At thy returne *Mounsier Le Fognier*, what became of the Money? didst thou pay the Hackney man for horse-hire, he pleads not gilty, because he receiu'd no guilt? thou hast but one onely part of a Gentleman in thee, and that is, thou wilt pay no debts: didst thou buy house-

houſhold-ſtuffe? Let the Theefe ſpeak, who is moſt familiarly guld vnder colour of a pardon: but thou holdſt it lawfull to puniſh Sinners. Didſt thou buy apparrell with it? No verily, hee pawn'd his Cloake the next morning of his return. Oh inuiſible ſumme! what is becom of thee? This was a hidden bleſſing, whoſe effects are not yet to bee ſeene. 'Tis one of *Erra Paters* predictions, 'tis intaild vpon his Iſſue. But to conclude, if it were lawfull for me to examine thee at Staffords Law, I would make thee confeſſe the receipt of ten ſhillings, the acknowledgment of my bill, the acceptance of thy anſwere, and thy word and promiſe for thy meeting me, and that I neuer receiued Money or meſſage to the contrary. All which thou didſt confeſſe to mee before fiue Witneſſes ſince thy booke was written, when thou paid'ſt mee my Money: and this and more I could make thee ſay and ſweare, or elſe I would beat thee to maſh, and make a Gally-mawfrey for Dogges of thee. But I think

thinke it time to leaue Proſe, and fall into Verſe, for the ſatisfaction of the Reader, thy ſhame, and my Fame.

IOHN TAYLOR.

He giues himſelfe an honeſt good report,
And to himſelfe he is beholden for't;
Yet twixt the greateſt knaue and him, I weene
Ther's thus much oddes, *A paire of ſheares betweene.*

Maister Fennors taking Boate.

COme fellow Bull-beefe, quicke, thruſt in the boat,
Here comes a braue fare in a horſemans coat;
Hold in man: Sir, lend me your worſhips hand,
Take heed, t'hath rain'd, 'tis ſlippery Sir to ſtand.
But ſit you downe, we haue the wind and tide,
Good Sir a little on the Star-boord ſide.
Thruſt off now: I am glad I haue you here,
Good Maiſter *Fennor* (*alias*) *Le Fognier*;
You are a fare falne to my lot deuinely,
Trim you my Boat, and I will trim you finely:
And as I Row, Ile tell you whom I am,
I am *Iohn Taylor* made your *Annagram*.

In

In defence of the true *Annagram* I made of *William Fennor*.

Nv *Villany for mee.*

THat I thy *Annagram* did truely finiſh,
No better did I adde, or none diminiſh:
For which *Nu Villany* for me's the ſame,
True *Annagran* of *William Fennors* Name.
Thou think'ſt to make thy Reputation ſtretch,
And out of Normandy thy name wilt fetch,
Where men may ſee thy folly plaine appeare,
Thou wilt (forſooth) be called *Le Fognier*.
Le Fognier, out alas thy wits are fogg'd,
I can but laugh to ſee thee mir'd and bogg'd,
But holla holla hobby, hold my fiſt,
I'le help thee out of this black foggy miſt,

Le Foggnier.

Annagramma

Flieng Roge.

A Caſt ouer the Water.

HOw lik'ſt thou this braue *Annagram*, 'tis true,
And euery Letter in his place, is due:
And for thy further grace ſhal't haue another,
Ile hardly do ſo much for mine owne Brother.

Le Foggnier.

Annagramma.

Forge Lieng.

THou ſeeſt how I haue help'd thee at a pinch,
And Annagramatiz'd thee to an inch:
The ſunſhine of my Muſe the Fog hath broke,
And clear'd thy Name from out the miſty ſmoake.
Thou ſhew'ſt thy plenteous beggery of wit,
That mak'ſt thy *Annagram* ſo much vnfit;
Thy Name's but thirteene Letters (as I weene)
And in thy *Annagram* thou haſt fifteene.
Then *William Fennor's Annagram*'s not ſuch,
I will feare no man,'s E and A to much:
I gueſſe (at firſt) thy Anceſtors did keepe
Within ſome fenny ground, Hogs, Kine, or Sheep;
And liuing Hogheards, or poore lab'ring men,
They tooke their Names of *Fennor*, from the Fen.

And

And now to write a ieſt, my Muſe doth ſmile,
I thinke thou waſt begotten on a ſtile:
Thy father looking one way, and thy mother
For feare of being ſpide, ſhe look'd another;
And leering ſundry wayes, kept carefull watch,
Leaſt any at their buſines ſhould them catch.
And that's the Reaſon why thine eyes do Rowle
And ſquint ſo in thy doltiſh Iobbernowle.
I cry thee mercy, in my other booke,
Thy Coate of Armes I very much miſtooke.
As from the Fen at firſt thou didſt ſuruiue,
Thy Scutchion from the Fen I will deriue.
Marke how I will emblaze thee, Ile be briefe,
Within a Quagmire-field, two Toades in Chiefe,
A Lope-ſtaffe for the Bend, I hold it beſt
A paire of Oxe hornes Rampant, for the Creſt,
W'ell Mantled with an old Raw tough Cow hyde,
Thus I thy Arms deuide, and ſubdiuide.
For calling me a Taylor and a ſhred,
A diſh not worthy whereon to be fed;
Could I but Cut, and ſow, and ſteale, and ſtitch
As well as thou canſt lye, I would be rich.
The Time hath bin a Poor-*Iohn's* ſcraps would fill
The Hungry Maw of thredbare Lowzy *Will*.

Thou

A Caſt ouer the Water.

Thou haſt forgot thou Rym'ſt to me of late
For ſixteene Oyſters once at Billingſgate,
Thou haſt forgot I gaue thee my old breeches,
Becauſe thou ſung'ſt &ſpok'ſt extrum'pry ſpeeches.
When Barly bread and Lamp oyle thou didſt eate,
A Pore-*Iohn* then with thee had bin good meate.

Vpon his falſe *Annagram, on my name.*

ART not aſham'd to be ſo falſe in print,
Thy Muſe is like thine Eyes (ſure) all a ſquint,
The world may ſee my name no *E* affords,
And thou haſt thruſt in two, to make vp words;
O hate Rai'e on, and then, *Raile on O hate*,
Thy wit, I ſee is in a deſp'rate ſtate,
Elſe thou would'ſt neuer (vnto all men's view)
Declare thy folly, printing thing vntrue,
For thine own ſake let *Annagrams* alone,
Thou canſt not make a true one, then make none.

A Caſt ouer the Water.

To him I hold too vnworthy to be my foe: *William Fennor.*

THou haſt look't ouer, I perceiue and ſeene,
Th'inuectiue Scourge of my reuenging ſpleene,
And wiſely (as thou dem'ſt) thou weighſt it lightly,
Thou Graceleſſe, diſgrace thou eſteemeſt ſlightly:
Ther's not a bad word in it that is writt,
But well thou knowſt thou haſt deſerued it;
And if I thought I owe'd the any more,
I would Rayle on, till I had paide the ſcore:
For though my Iuſt incenced Anger ſleepe,
Yet doe I kepe my Satyres whip in ſteepe
In ſalt and brine, that to the quick ſhall ſcourge
Thee, or who dares my angry Muſe to vrge.
And by your leaue Sir, I'le a little firke yee,
And with a milder laſh I'le gently ierke yee.
I will not Rayle, or Rogue thee, or be-ſlaue thee,
Bnt I will finely baffle, beard, and braue thee;
I'le ſqueeſe, & cruſh, and vnto poulder pounce thee,
Ile make thy witts for euer to renounce thee.

I'le

Ile lay thee open, and I will ataint thee,
And for a pitifull poore ſcab Ile paint thee.
Ile nip, and ſtrip, and whip thee out of breath,
Like *Bubonax*, Ile rime the vnto death.
Thou ſayſt my verſe is impotent and hault,
Thou doſt accuſe me for thy onely fault;
Alack in Rime thou canſt doe naught but coble,
Thy cripled Vearſes vp & downe doe hobble,
And doe ſo lamely runne, and riſe, and fall,
Like maimed Beggers in an Hoſpitall.
Thou haſt noe Iudging vnderſtanding eare,
Thy Accents and thy Sillables to reare
Or let them fall, thou botcheſt many a line,
That I would ſhame to father ſuch for mine.
When a tresſillable a vearſe doth end
'Tis harſh, 'tis palty, and it doth offend;
In a tranſlation I with it would beare,
But in Inuention it offends the eare,
Thou often end'ſt thy lines with Memory,
And then thou anſwer'ſt that with Pillory,
And then thou comſt vpon me Horibly,
And in concluſion write'ſt ſo lowſily,
That when thou gett'ſt a Poets dignity,
Ile hange thee of myne owne benignity.

A Caſt ouer the Water.

Ther's many a fault ſ mak'ſt which I would ſhow it
But that I feare t'would make thee halfe a Poet,
And well I know thou would'ſt vnthankfull be,
And would'ſt deny thou learnd'ſt the skill of me.
I'le therefore leaue thee as a plague to time,
A ſelfe-conceited witleſſe Aſſe in Rime.
I know thy ouer-daring minde doth dare
With me and my inuention to compare,
Indeed (by fortune) I ſome things haue done
Which many ſayes from better wits did run.
But let their enuious miſconceit belye me
Nor thee, or they, or any dares to try me.
But to the purpoſe, dar'ſt thou thus much doe
Let one man giue one Theame betwixt vs two,
And on that Theame let both of vs goe write,
And he that beſt and ſooneſt doth endite,
Giue him the praiſe; and he that is out-ſtrip'd
(For his Reward) let him be ſoundly whip'd.
To this I dare thee, thou poore Poet Ape
And I le be hang'd if thou a whipping ſcape.
Thy Muſe (or Mule) can frame ſome Riming notes,
To borrow ſhillings, ſix pences or Groates
Of Vintners boyes, and that's the higheſt ſtraine
Thy borrowed ſtolne inuention can attaine.

For-

For thine own credit ſome rare worke deuiſe,
Turne into Verſe the Chimney ſweepers cries,
Or worke for Tinker, Couers for cloſe ſtooles
Then ſhalt thou be diſputed on in ſchooles
And held a Braue Man, and thy famous Verſe
About the Towne thy Patrons will Rehearſe.
Beſides I wiſh thee beg the Monopolly,
That to thy ſelfe thou maiſt ingroſe it wholly
That none but thee may write the Ellegies,
And Epitaphs of Tyburne Tragedies.
And ſo the Hangmans Poet thou ſhalt be
And ſometimes haue as good a Fee as he.
No courſe to thriue is to be counted baſe
And I'le ſpeake for thee thou maiſt haue the place.
I muſe how Ladies dares to heare thy ſtile
'Tis ſo abhominable, harſh and vile,
How canſt thou from them any fauour win
Me thinks, thy Rimes ſhould fret their tender skin,
For 'tis more Rougher then a Ruſſian Beare
And Rubs & frets, and Gauls, each genle eare.
Thou art the Rareſt fellow aboue ground
To ſerue ſome Coſtiue Lord, that is hard bound,
Thy Riming would procure an eaſie ſtoole,
That ſeruice hath ſome ſauour, Goodman foole.

The Doctors and Apothecaries ſweares
How they will lugg thee by the Aſſes eares,
Becauſe thy Riming now doth purge men more,
Then all their Art in many yeares before.
Thou nam'ſt here, for a rablement of fooles
Tom Coriat, *Archy*, and the great *Otooles*,
Aſſe for thy ſelfe, a foole I ne're did take thee,
Dame Nature at the firſt (I thinke) did make thee
One Compound of two Simples, Foole and Knaue,
Who ſtriuing in thee which ſhould maiſtry haue,
The crafty knauiſh part got all the ſway
And turn'd the ſilly harmeles Foole away:
And in thy making Natures care was cheiſe
To faſhion thee on purpoſe for a Theefe;
She turnd thine eyes keele vpwards for the nonce,
That thou might'ſt ſee fiue or ſix wayes at once.
For why thou haſt an admirable looke
T'inform a Theefe from windowes how to hooke
Apparrell, Cuſhions, Carpett, Rugge, or Sheete
That they withall by hooke or crooke can meete.
I doe not ſay thou doſt this trading vſe,
But therein thou thy making doſt abuſe
In that thou cloſely follow'ſt not the trade,
For which thee & thy theefe-like eyes were made.

When

To William Fennor.

When at a great mans houſe, men flock about thee
'Tis not to heare thee rime but cauſe they doubt thee
And therfore euery one keeps carefull watch
For feare thou ſhould'ſt the plate, or ſõwhat catch:
Thou thinkſt they do aplaud when thou haſt rimde
And they are fearfull that thy fiſts are limde.
The Butlers ſweat for fear, whil'ſt thou doeſt prate,
And double diligently guard their plate.
Thy beautious Phiſnomy doth this, for which
Moſt women feare thee that thou art a Witch,
And therefore ſnatch their Children vp, and runne
Thy ominous ill looking looke to ſhun,
For if before a Iudge thou euer ſpeake,
Thy very countenance thy neck will breake.
More I could ſay, and more I could deuiſe,
But that I thinke I ſhould rime out thine eyes;
If all trades faile, I'de haue thee pull them out,
And I'le procure thee liuing do not doubt,
I in thy noſe will put an Iron ring,
And leade the vp and downe the Towne to ſing,
To Feaſts, and Markets, Wakes, & Sturbridge faire,
And then to euery place with me repaire,
I would aduance a faire iugroſſed bill,
That in theſe words ſhould promiſe wondrous ſkil.

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STAINED PAGES

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Then

Then I, or elſe my Boy, will beate a Drum
If any be deſirous for to come.
At two a clock within the afternoone
There ſhall you ſee an Old blind braue Baboone,
That can put on the Humor of an Aſſe
Can come aloft Iack, heigh paſſe and Repas;
That for ingenuous ſtudy downe can put
Old *Holdens* Camell, or fine *Bankes* his Cut,
And for his action he ecclipſeth quite
The Iigge of Garlick, or the Punks delight.
King *Nimus* motion or the great tall Dutch-man
Or th'Elke, or man-Bear baiting was no ſuch man.
To all your coſts, he will his wits Imploy
To play the ſecond part of Englands Ioy.
Hee le Rime, and ſing well, and if need require,
Can tell more lies then you would all deſire.
Our Lady Fayre, nor yet Saint Bartholomew
A motion like to this did neuer ſhew.
Theſe things I hope for to employ thee in
By which we needs muſt ſtore of money win.
I neither hate good Counſell, or yet thee,
But why ſhouldſt thou preſume to counſell me.
I prethee then leaue of thy fruitleſſe taske,
No goodnes comes from ſuch a muſtie Cask.

My

A Cast ouer the Water.

My Defence against thy *Offence.*

HOw proudly thou thy Anceſtors doſt praiſe,
Aboue the *Pleyades*, their Fame to raiſe:
Was euer ſeene ſo vile a paltry Nag,
So much of his Antiquity to brag.
As if his Grandam had ſome Burgeſſe beene,
In Parlament vnto the Diamond Queene:
If I ſhould anſwer all thy baſe contention,
I then ſhould haue no roome for my inuention;
And therefore famous *Monſier Le Foggnier*,
I will but only nip thee here and there:
According as I ſee the time and place,
I will my byting Phraſes enterlace.
And firſt (*Don Buſſard*) vnto you 'tis knowne,
The writing of my play was all mine owne:
And though thou tearm'ſt it fopp'ry, like a fop,
Into the Hangmans Budget thou wilt drop,
Before thy muddie Muſe (Dame Ignorance)
On a conceipt ſo good, as it ſhall glance.

Thou

A Caſt ouer the water.

Thou brag'ſt what fame thou got'ſt vpon the ſtage
Indeed, thou ſet'ſt the people in a rage
In playing *Englands Ioy*, that euery Man
Did iudge it worſe then that was done at Swan.
I neuer ſaw poore fellow ſo behiſt,
T'applaud thee, few or none lent halfe a fiſt:
Some ſtinkards hands, perhaps went pit to pat,
Who ignorantlie lik'd they knew not what;
Beſides thou know'ſt, thou promiſt in thy Bill,
In rare Extemporie to ſhew thy skill.
When all thou ſpok'ſt, thou ſtudied'ſt had before,
Thou know'ſt I know, aboue a month and more.
Beſides, the beſt conceits that were in it
(Poore Foule) thou had'ſt them from a better wit
Then is thine owne, thy beggerly conceit
Could neere haue mounted to ſo high a height.
Good wine is ſpild, in ſtinking veſſels leaking,
And ſo good words were mar'd with thy ill ſpea-
Where (like a Scar-crow) or a Iack of lent (king:
Thou ſtood'ſt, and gau'ſt the people ſmal content:
And yet thy impudence would'ſt raiſe thy fame,
From out the loathſome Garbage of thy ſhame.
Thy little honeſtie ſo high thou deem'ſt,
And more then Thames reuennew it eſteem'ſt:

Make

A Caſt ouer the water.

Make much on't, thou art worthy to haue more,
Thou mak'ſt ſuch reck'ning of ſo little ſtore.
Thy honeſty is bred within the bone,
Out of the fleſh, I think came neuer none:
Thou ſaiſt I cal'd a Chriſtian Cur, O fie
Will Fennor, wilt thou neuer leaue to lie:
'Twas thee I cal'd ſo, ponder well vpon't,
For I think thou waſt neuer at a Font;
I wiſh thee yet thy Baptiſme to procure,
Thou can'ſt not be an Anabaptiſt ſure:
If I ſhould anſwer euerie lie and line,
My booke would then be bigger far, then thine.
Beſides, it with my mind doth not agree,
To Paraphraſe on thy poore ſtuffe and thee.
Thou put'ſt one trick vpon me, and a rare one,
Thou'lt make me vnder Sculler vnto *Charon*;
When thou com'ſt to the Deuill on a meſſage,
Then Ile take nothing of thee for thy paſſage:
And for my loue (then thine) ſhall not be ſhorter,
Thou ſhalt be *Plutoes* vgly vnder Porter.
For *Cerberus* and thee muſt needs agree,
Thy one good face, accommodates his three.
Thou bid'ſt me watch and write, and do my worſt,
And ſaiſt, thy Pen and Inkehorne is as curſt.

I thinke

A Caſt ouer the Water.

I thinke 'tis curſt indeede, for I proteſt
That neither thee, or them, was neuer bleſt:
Perhaps thou haſt good Paper, Pens, and Inke,
But thy inuention (*Fogh*) how it doth ſtinke.
Thou bid'ſt me fall vnto my Scull againe,
And hold'ſt my calling in thy high diſdaine.
Know Peaſant, if I were a Baron borne,
Yet I my honeſt trade would neuer ſcorne:
A Water-man doth get his bread more true,
Then fifty thouſand idle Knaues, like you;
They cannot rime, and conicatch, and cheat,
For what they haue, they muſt be ſure to ſweat.
And I eſteeme my labour far more deare,
Then all thy Riming's worth in twenty yeare:
Ile carrie Whores and Knaues to, for my fee;
For Money, Ile tranſport thy Wife and thee:
Ile carrie any body for my fare,
We haue no power to queſtion what they are.
My Boat is like vnto a Barbers Chaire,
To which both honeſt men and Knaues repaire:
No Tradeſ-men, whatſoeuer that they be,
Can get their liuing honeſter then we.
We labour truly, and we take great paine
With hands and feete, we ſtretch out euery vaine:

Thy

Thy hands did neuer worke, thou art so nice,
Except 'twere in thy Doublet cracking lice.
And not to brag; but to our trades great Fame,
The learned *Sapho*, that admired Dame,
Who could the Saphicke Verse so rarely write,
Did wed a VVater-man, who *Phaon* hight:
Besides eight Kings, in famous *Edgars* raigne,
To Row with Oares did hold it no disdaine:
But as Records and Chronicles Relate,
They Row'd vnto the Parlament in State.
Thou mai'st infer these Kings, were captiues all:
VVhy? are not all men so by *Adams* fall.
Nay more, when water the first world did end,
The second world did presently descend,
From the High Admirall of Heau'n and Earth,
The Patriarke *Noah*, we had second birth:
He Feri'd mankind to this worlds Lee shore,
From the bar'd-hauen of the world, before
Such Landsharks as thy selfe, their way did take
Downe through the Deluge to *Cocitus* Lake,
VVhere all the comfort the poore Caitiffes found
Was this, that all the Gallowses were drown'd:
No Authors write, no not the Poets tales,
That they lou'd Cheatry, Porposes, or Whales.

One

A Caſt ouer the water.

One note this Hiſtorie doth more affoord,
That all were damb'd that ſcorn'd to lie aboord,
No part of this world we inherit can,
But by our Title from a *Waterman*.
Then wrong not vs with thy calumnious tongue,
For from a *Waterman* we all are ſprung:
From *Iaphets* loynes I well deſcended am,
And thou (my curſed Couzin) cam'ſt from *Cham*.
Beſides thus much, thy Ignorance may note,
That all the world may well be cal'd a Bote
Toſt on the troublous waues of diſcontent,
All ſubiect vnto change vnpermanent.
Our life's the tide, which euer ebbes and flowes,
And to their iournies end all Creatures Rowes,
The Souldier with his ſword Rowes vp and down,
And floates in blood ſometimes to gaine a crown.
The Lawyer Rowes, & makes his tongue his oare,
And ſometimes ſets his Clyent poore aſhoare.
But the Deuine (of all men) he Rowes beſt,
He brings vs ſafely to the Port of reſt:
He lands vs at our euerlaſting Inne,
And the tenth penny for his paines doth winne.
Thus *Fennor* thou mai'ſt ſee, that *Water-men*
Are farre beyond the limits of thy Pen

To

To doe them wrong; I could ſpeake more of this
But that I thinke enough ſufficient is.
Thou ſaiſt that Poetry deſcended is
From Pouertie, thou tak'ſt thy markes amiſſe.
In ſpight of weale or woe, or want or pelfe
It is a Kingdome of content it ſelfe.
A Poet's heare or there, or where he pleaſe
In Heau'n, in Ayre, in Earth, in Hell, or Seas,
Gods, men, fiſh, fowle, beaſts, and infernall fiends,
All tributary homage to him ſends;
They're called makers, for they'le vndertake
By Art, of nothing ſomething for to make,
And though in making, little skill I haue
Yet could I eaſily make thee a Knaue.
But therein I ſhould be but thy partaker
A Knaue thou art, and ſo art thine own maker.
In which thou doſt moſt makers much excell
For hauing made thy ſelfe ſo ill, ſo well.
And now at thee, once more Ile haue a fling
Thou ſaiſt thou hadſt thy title from the King
Of Riming Poet, I beleeue it true
What name would beſt befit thee well he knew,
He call'd thee not a Poet, for deuiſing (zing,
Or that thou could'ſt make ought worth memori-

He cal'd thee Riming Poet, note why 'twas,
And I will ſhew thy picture in a Glaſſe:
He gaue thy Poetry not Reaſons Name;
But Rime, for he knew well his words to frame.
Now what a Rimer is, vnto a Poet,
Becauſe thou know'ſt it not, Ile make thee know it:
The'are like Bell-ringers to Muſitions,
Or baſe Quack-ſaluers to Phiſitions;
Or as a *Zany* to a Tumbler is,
A Rimer's to a Poet ſuch as this;
And ſuch art thou, or in a worſe degree:
For if a Poet ſhould examine thee
Of Numbers, Figures, Trimiters, Alchaicks,
Hexameters, Pentameters, Trochaicks,
Iambicks, Allegories, and Alluſions;
With Tropes, Similitudes, Types and Concluſions:
And whoſoeuer chanceth but to looke
In *Chaucer*, or th' *Arcadia* (well writ Booke)
Shal finde theſe Rules, which I before haue nam'd,
Which makes a Poets Art for euer fam'd:
And in theſe things, thy knowledge is no more
Then hath an Aſſe, a Horſe, a Beare, or Bore.
Thou art the Rump, the taile, or baſeſt part
Of Poetry, thou art the dung of art.

Thou

Thou art all Rime, and void of reason, thou
Dost close and shut vp lines, no matter how.
Some men will say, I must a Scholler be,
Or else these words could neuer come from me:
To them I answer; I can English reade,
But further I could neuer write or pleade:
Those words of Art, I know them euery one,
And knowing them, Ile let them all alone;
Because I do not know well how to vse them,
And by misplacing them, I may abuse them.
When I a learned word in Verse do plant,
I will be sure to write significant.
So much to them, whose harts will not beleeue
But that in Poetry I filch and theeue.
I dare them all to try me, and leaue threating,
The proose of pudding's alwaies in the eating:
Thus I haue told thee, why, wherefore, and how
His Maiesty did thee that Name allow;
The name of Rimer carry to thy graue,
But stile of Poet, thou shalt neuer haue.
Search well in Turnbole-street, or in Pickthatch,
Neere Shordirch, or Long-alley prethee watch,
And 'mongst the trading females, chuse out nine,
To be thy Muses, they will fit thee fine.

They'le make thy rimes and thee of more account,
And mount thy fame aboue *Parnaſſus* Mount:
Thou writ'ſt a hotch-potch of ſome forty lines
About my Play at *Hope*, and my deſignes;
Where men may ſee thy ſtocke of wit is poore,
To write of that which I had writ before.
Thou fil'ſt thy Booke with my inuention full,
And ſhew'ſt thy ſelfe an idle ſhallow Gull:
And then thou talk'ſt & prat'ſt, and keep'ſt a Rut.
And tearm'ſt my Muſe, *Melpomenes* Tayle Gut;
I wonder where thou did'ſt that phraſe procure,
Thou art beholden to ſome Tripe-wife ſure.
When hunger doth prouoke thee, rime and ſing,
That Gut will make thy Muſe a Chitterling;
For thou from tripes, & tayle-guts, & hogs mawes,
Haſt won thy greateſt credit and applauſe,
There's none that eates a Partridge, or a Pheaſant,
But takes thee for a foole to make them pleaſant,
I know not if thy wife be he or ſhee,
If ſhe be honeſt ſhee's to good for thee.
Thou partly offr'ſt me to hold the dore,
If I will make thy Kitchin-maid my whore:
But prethee hold thy prating, witleſſe Gander,
Shalt nere haue honor to become my Pander.

Thou

Thou ſaiſt I raile, 'tis true, I had decreede
To giue my wronged Muſe a purge with ſpeede,
And (as the fitteſt veſſell) 'twas thy lot,
To be her foule vnworthy Chamber-pot:
Shee's well recouer'd, and the world doth ſee
Her filty excrements remaines in thee.
No blacke contagious miſt her pure light ſuffers,
But ſtrait ſhe makes of thee a paire of Snuffers,
To make her glorious greatneſſe ſhine more clere,
And this ſhall be your office *Le Fogniere.*
And now a thought into my mind doth creepe,
How thou a Kitchin or a Maid canſt keep: (chaps,
I know the time thou would'ſt haue lick'd thy
From out an Almesbasket to get ſome ſcraps,
And haſt thou now a Kitchin, and large roomes,
To entertaine faire Laſſes, and braue Groomes,
I ſee thou art the frugal'ſt Lad aliue,
And car'ſt not greatly what thou doſt to thriue.
I wrongly cal'd thy Kitchin-Seruant, maid;
No maid can dwell with thee, I am affraid:
And now a pretty tale I meane to tell;
Marke it, I prethee, for it fits thee well.
There was a fellow once ſome faults had done,
Which fearing hanging, did his Country runne,

And comming to the Citie, full of feare,
(Nay note my tale, good *Monſier Le Fognier*)
In hope to get his pardon, 'twas his chance
Vpon a man, (as might be thee) to glance,
The poore diſtreſſed fellow told his mind,
And ſaid, if any man would be ſo kind
To get his pardon, and to ſet him free,
He ſhould haue threeſcore angels for his Fee:
Now he that this mans pardon ſhould procure,
(To ſaue his owne ſtake, and to make all ſure)
He leaues the Theefe in London, and ſtraite went
And brought a Hoy full of his goods from Kent,
Then out of hand, this man like thee, cal'd *Momus*
Did hire a goodly building called *Domus*;
Which this theefs houſhold-ſtuffe did furniſh wel,
And there this Gentleman (like thee) doth dwell.
Now to proceed, the poore vnhappy theefe
Is ready ſtill to hang himſelfe with greefe:
For he is cheated of his goods, I wot,
And knows not when his pardon will be got.
And 'tis much fear'd, the Cheater his owne ſelfe
Wil worke ſome meanes to hang him for his pelfe.
How lik'ſt thou this, i'ſt not a pretty trick?
But wherefore doſt thou chafe, and ſpurn & kicke:

A gilty conſcience feeles continuall feare,
And this diſcourſe doth ſeem to touch thee neare:
Nay, then I will relate another thing,
Which I ſuppoſe will make you wince and fling.
Vpon S. *Georges* day laſt, Sir, you gaue
To eight Knights of the Garter (like a Knaue)
Eight Manuſcripts (or Books) all fairelie writ,
Informing them, they were your Mother wit:
And you compil'd them; then were you regarded,
And for anothers wit was well rewarded.
All this is true, and this I dare maintaine,
The matter came from out a learned braine:
And poore old *Vennor*, that plaine dealing man,
Who acted *Englands Ioy* firſt at the Swan,
Paid eight crowns for the writing of theſe things,
Beſides the couers, and the ſilken ſtrings:
Which money backe he neuer yet receiu'd,
So the deceiuer is by thee deceiu'd.
Firſt by thoſe Bookes thou ſtol'ſt a good report,
And waſt accounted a rare man in Court:
Next thou did'ſt much abuſe thoſe Noble-men,
And kild'ſt their bounty, from a Poets Pen,
And thirdly, thou a Poet didſt beguile,
To make thy ſelfe the Author of his ſtile.

A Caſt ouer the water.

And laſt thou ſhew'ſt thy cheating good and euill,
Beguiling him, that could beguile the Deuill.
Thou highly haſt prouok'd the Muſes fury,
Twelue Poets are empanel'd for thy Iury;
Then *William Fennor*, ſtand vnto the Bar,
Hold vp thy hand, here thy accuſers ar:
Art guilty or not guilty of thoſe crimes
Thou art accus'd, th'aſt ſtole fiue thouſand rimes,
From But ends of old Ballads, and whole bookes,
What ſaiſt thou for thy ſelfe, hold vp thy lookes?
He faulters, and his words are all vnſteady,
Poore fellow looks as he were hang'd already.
His ſilence doth affirme theſe things are true,
And therefore let the Bench in order due
Giue ſentence, that within a hempen ſtring
He at S. *Thomas* Watr'ings may go ſwing:
And for he liu'd the wonder of our time,
Do him this honor, hang him vp in rime.
A Sirrha, is the matter falne out ſo,
Muſt thou Extempr'y to the Gallowes go,
For old acquaintaince, ere thou breath thy laſt,
I or'e the Water will giue thee *A Caſt*.
And till the halter giue thy necke a wrench,
Thou ſhalt haue time & ſpace in the Kings Bench

To

A Caſt ouer the water.

To *Con*, and *feſſe*, and to repent thy fill,
And to diſpoſe thy goods, and make thy will:
Which being done, and thou well hang'd & dead,
This *Epitaph* vpon thy graue Ile ſpread,
That paſſers by may reade, and reading ſee
How much thou art beholding vnto me.

Epitaph.

HE that could alwaies lie, doth lie
Sixe foote below thy feet:
Of any colours he could dye
His lyes, to make them meet.
In lies vntrue he ſpent his youth,
And truly dead, lies heere in truth.

HOw ſaiſt thou *Fennor*, is not all this worth
Thy harty thanks, which I haue here ſet forth,
If not, thou ſhew'ſt thy ſelfe the more ingratefull,
VVhich vice is to the very Deuill hatefull.
Thou didſt bely me when thou ſaidſt I threat thee
For rather then I would do ſo, I'de beate thee:
And

And 'twere the eaſier task of both by halfe,
But who will foule his fiſts on ſuch a calfe;
A Calfe ſaid I, for age thou doſt appeare
To be a Bull, or Oxe, th'art paſt a Steere.
Thou lieſt againe, accuſing me of Griefe,
Becauſe thou got'ſt a pardon for a Thiefe.
Why ſhould I grieue at that was neuer done,
The Pardon yet I'm ſure thou haſt not won,
The poore-man he hath cauſe to grieue enuff,
For being Cheated of his houſhold ſtuff.
Thou bragg'ſt and prat'ſt how charitie and loue
Of mankinde, onely did thy pittie moue,
And not deſire of ſiluer for thy paine
Did make thee ſeeke his Pardon to attaine.
And then (as if thou were deuour'd with zeale)
Thy falſe hypocriſie thou do'ſt reueale.
In our Contentious writing 'tis vnfit
That any word of Scripture ſhould be writ,
The name of God is to be fear'd with trembling
And thou mak'ſt it a Cloke for thy diſſembling;
Shall Raskall Rimes, profane vnhallowed things
Be mixt with naming the great King of Kings.
The onely one, in three, and three in one
Let him and all his Attributes alone.

Thou

A Caſt ouer the Water.

Thou ſaiſt before that I ſhould hanged be
How thou a Pardon would'ſt procure for me.
Before it come to that, Ile end the ſtrife,
And hang before Ile thanke thee for my life.
But ſure thy Gilt of conſcience wondrous great is
Els thou would'ſt ne're write thy repenting treatis.
Perſwading me to patience and forgiue,
This ſhewes thou ſome abuſe to me didſt giue
To make me cry *Vindicta*, and requite
My wrongs before all miſconceiuers ſight.
As for my Arm's th'aſt giu'n me *quit* for *quo*.
Thou muſt to Tyburn, I to wapping goe,
But I haue gotten a Reprieue, and can
Well proue my ſelfe to be an honeſt man.
My Muſe for thee a *Habeus corpus* brings,
From *Tyburne* to Saint *Thomas Waterings*.

Epilegue.

A Caſt ouer the water.

An Epilogue.

I Told thee I had worſer rods in piſs,
Thou find'ſt it true, and I haue worſe then this,
Which on occaſion I will freely vtter,
If thou but dare againſt me for to mutter:
In three daies thou didſt write that book of thine
Thou ſaiſt, and I in fourteene houres did mine.
For I would haue thee well to vnderſtand
I buſineſſe haue by water and by land,
My ſeruice and occaſions me incites
To write by ſnatches, and by ſpurts a nights.
That if my buſines were but ouer-paſt
The writing ſuch another, I durſt faſt
From ſleepe, or ſuſtenance of meate or drinke,
And ſuch a task would famiſh thee I thinke.
I for a wager will be locked vp
And no reliefe will either bite or ſup
Vntill as much as this my Muſe deuiſe,
And ſcarcely be an hungred when I riſe.
Then for thine own ſake (Poet Pedler) ceaſe
Or bind my ſharp fang'd Muſe vnto the peace,

For

For thou maiſt ſweare, & keep thy conſcience cleer
That of thy life thou liu'ſt in mighty feare. (reaue
Shee'le make thee deſp'rate, thine own breath be-
By which the Hangman thou wilt much deceiue.
Thus doe I leaue my lines to all mens view
To iudge if I haue paid thee not thy due,
To write of thee againe, my Muſe hath ceaſt
Sufficient is enough, enough 's a feaſt.
I know thy lying Chaps are ſtopt for euer,
That all thy ſtudy and thy beſt endeuour
Nor fiftie more ſuch ſhallow braines as thine
Can anſwere this one little booke of mine.
But if thou doſt I know 'twill be ſo lame
A wiſe man will not reade it o're for ſhame,
And therefore *Fennor* gnaw vpon this bone
What next I write, ſhall better be or none.

A Caſt ouer the Water.

Taylors defence of the honeſty of his *Blew-Bitch.*

NOw *Fennor* once more Ile giue thee a twitch
For hunting hotly after my Blue *Bitch*:
Beware ſhe doth not teare thee by the Throat,
She's neither Salt, nor hott, I'de haue thee kno't.
Thou (like a Hound) perhaps mai'ſt lick her tayle,
But further all thy witts cannot preuaile.
I wiſh thee from thy Kennell not to roame,
But for thine owne tooth keep a Brache at home.
My Bitch will byte thee ſorely, I am ſure,
And where ſhe fang's 'tis commonly paſt cure.
At honeſt men ſhee'le neuer cry *baw waw*,
But ſhe will ſnarle, and ſnap ſuch knaues as thou.
As for my Cod let her be op'd and Rip'd,
Let her be ſearch'd to ſee what ſhe hath ſhip'd,
And nothing in her all the world can ſee
But ſharpe Satyrick whips to torture thee.

His

A Caſt ouer the Water.

His Landing.

NOw here I land thee at S. *Mary Awdries*,
I think not for your worſhips wõted bawdries,
I know your buſineſſe is not for a wench
The Tipſtaffe tels me you are for the Bench,
Where you may feed your Muſe on Carret Rootes
And lie a bed, borrow no ſhooes or Bootes,
And liue within the Rules, a good thing truely,
For ſuch a man as you that liue vnruly:
Farewell, and yet Ile viſit you againe,
When in a Rugg you Clamor at the Chaine,
And once againe when it falls to your lot,
Belo*n* your eare to weare the pendant knot.
Meane ſpace becauſe you are a merry Greeke,
Ile ſend thee bread and pottage thrice a weeke.

Reader

READER because you shall know that I can doe better things then write inuectiues vpon such fellowes as this, I haue for mine own credit (to giue the world satisfaction) written a booke which suddenly comes out after this, called Taylors Vrania, *or his heauenly Muse; which who so pleases to looke ouer, shall see that I can bestow my time better, then on such Locusts as my vnworthy opposite.*

FINIS.

BRITISH
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MUSEUM

Errata,

IN the third leafe, pag. 5. of the Preface for euer, Read *neuer*: In my defence, of his *Anagram* lin. 2. for better, Read *letter*.